







# The Garland.

What are we seeking—*by T. RUSSELL*  
What are we seeking, one and all?  
Whitherward are we going—  
East or West?  
Do we seek that rest  
Where never a thorn is growing?

What are we seeking? Is it the fame  
The world so meagrely doleth,  
That ere "tis ours  
We sleep "neath flowers,  
And the bell o'er our sepulchre tolls?

Can it be Gold that is leading us on?  
Is it for Wealth we hanker?  
Is it for this  
We batten our blues,  
Gold! that doth speedily canker?

What are we seeking? ask it of those  
With us in the race contending,  
And the day  
Will another day.

For none knows whither he's tending.  
Ask it of Youth, and the quick response  
Will tell thee an olden story.

Of love, of joy,  
Of maidenly ray,  
Or the eager thires for "Glory."

Ask it of a man of Reat,  
Who wears the white enter-

And great and small.  
Their hopes—their all,  
In a different goal will center.

What are we seeking? this, 'tis this—  
Every one his pleasure.

None the same;

The same;

For a store of treasure.

What are we seeking? he who's find  
Must never a beam  
Of delight may gleam  
On his pathway dark and dreary.

had been deprived of an expected pleasure,—he was fond of music, and would sometimes practice for hours—fretted him still, and still excited angry feelings against her. But as these gradually subsided, and his mind became less obscure, he saw, only dimly at first, but with a steady increasing distinctness, a reflection of himself that did not look altogether attractive, or waken self approving thoughts.

"If Mary had spoken to me as I spoke to her, would I have acted differently?"

It seemed as if a spirit, within him, sprang from his own spirit, had asked the question, and the inquiry almost startled him. But it was made, and the answer, in his own thoughts, was, "No."

Sel-faccused and self-convinced, the boy fell humbled; and he sat within himself.

"It was my own fault, but," he added, "Mary is so ill-natured and tantalizing. I only wish that she was like some sisters."

And how often had Mary said to herself: "Oh, if John was only like some brother."

On the next day John brought home a new piece of music, which his teacher had directed him to procure. It was an advance in his studies, and he was ambitious to master it. As he came in, he found Mary at the piano, with her exercise book open before her. "Oh, dear!" he sighed to himself, impatiently. There it is again. I shall not be able to touch the instrument for an hour to come. I wish we had two pianos."

Remembering the unhappy scene of yesterday he would not trust himself in the parlor, for the temptation to eject the present incumbent of the piano stool, was too strong.

He was a rude, impatient boy, and very rarely thought of any one's comfort but his own.

"There," said he roughly, "you've practiced long enough. It's my turn now. Give me the piano."

As John spoke, he laid his hand on Mary's shoulder and pushed her; but, instead of rising, she only braced herself more firmly on the music stool, and turned over a new leaf in her exercise book. Both the words and the manner in which her brother spoke excited opposition and ill feeling towards him. So she went on playing her exercise with a new spirit.

Of course John became very angry; most people do so when ill success attends an overbearing attempt to compel others. "It's only contrariness," said he sharply, "I will have the piano!" And he gave Mary a push that would have thrown her over, had she not prepared for it. To the firm resistance of John, she now added loud cries for her mother, who immediately called down from the nursery to know what was the matter.

"Mary won't let me practice my lesson," answered John.

"I haven't got through with mine yet," answered Mary, "and he's trying to push me off the music stool."

"John, come up to me," said John, "I'll pay you up for it, Miss; see if I don't," said John, with a threatening scowl at his sister as he left the parlor.

John now resumed her practicing with fresh interest. All weariness of mind and body was gone, and her fingers flew over the keys with unswayed spirit. The fifteen minutes glided by, and still she kept her place at the instrument.

"Oh, dear, she'll never be done," fretted the impatient John. "She has practiced more than her hour now. Can't have the piano, mother?"

"Not until your sister is done with it," was answered, "you'll have the whole afternoon."

"But she's had it an hour."

"I can't help it. She is backward in her music, and I am glad she is willing to practice more than her usual period."

John continued to fret himself more and more. He stampeded about the room; upset a chair; threw down a pile of books from the mantel-piece, and did sundry other disorderly and annoying things, compelling his mother at length to send him up to the garret, in order to get rid of him. So up he went, and flung himself on one of the beds to wait with his practicing. But thump, thump, tum, tum, came up to his ear the incessant finger falls of Mary on the keys; and though he listened eagerly for a pause, no pause came.

"There" he at length exclaimed, starting up; "she's got out her scales, and her teacher said she mustn't play tunes."

"Can't I have the piano now, mother?"

"She's not practicing her scales, and her teacher said she mustn't play tunes."

"You Mary!" cried out the mother.

"Ma'am" came ringing up from the parlor.

"Why don't you play your scales?"

"I am playing them," answered Mary, and her fingers began running over the keys again.

"Aint those her scales?" And the mother looked rather sternly at John.

"Well, I don't care; she wasn't playing her scales just now," answered he. "And it is downright mean in her; so it is. She is keeping the piano because she knows I want it. Never mind, I'll pay her up."

Half in despair of ever getting the instrument again, John threw himself upon the lounge and made a feeble effort to curb his impatience. Nearly fifteen minutes had elapsed, and Mary hearing nothing more of her brother, began to feel weary.

The spirit of opposition was dying out.

So closing her exercise book, and shutting down the piano, she left the parlor, and went up to the nursery.

"You can have the piano now," said she, throwing a look of triumph upon her brother. John scowled back, but made no reply. "Why don't you go and practice, if you want so badly. You were fierce enough a little while ago," added Mary, in a low tantalizing voice, seeing her brother made no motion to rise from the lounge.

"Reflect my brethren," exhorted a chaplain, "that whosoever falls this day in battle, sus to night in Paradise."

The fight began, the ranks wavered, the chaplain took to his heels, when a soldier, stopping him, reproachfully referred him to the promised supper in Paradise. "True, my son, true," said the chaplain, "but I never eat supper."

WINKLE ABOUT THE AGE OF HORSES.

A few days ago we met a gentleman from Alabama, who gave us a piece of information in regard to ascertaining the age of a horse, after he or she has past the ninth year, which was new to us, and will be we are sure, to some of our readers. It is this: after the horse is nine years old, a wrinkle comes on the eyelid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well defined wrinkle for each year of his age over nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will always get it. So says the gentleman; and he is confident it will never fail. As a good many people have horses over nine, it is easily tried. If true the horse dentist must give up his trade.—Southern Planter.

Virtue is a flower which will wither by one touch, but which can never be made to bloom again, though watered by the tears of a life-time.

—Here is the last "good thing" about the hoops:  
Little Boy—"Ma, what is 'hush'?"  
Mother—"Why, my dear? why do you ask?"

Little Boy—"Because I asked sister Jane yesterday, what made her new dress stick out so, and she said 'hush'."

CHARLES, the great artist, died on Wednesday, in Manchester, Connecticut. His crayon portraits are superior to those of any American artist. His strictly ideal pieces are of so high a degree of beauty and dignity, that his friends scarcely scruple to speak of them as worthy of a place beside the drawings of Raphael. It was remarkable that he would never draw the features of any one for whom he had not a personal respect.

TRIALS.—Every day has its trials. In the morning we may arise, and with the face of nature rejoice; but ere a few hours have passed away, we meet with a disappointment, a rebuke, an unkind word, if nothing more serious, pains our heart. At night, who can look back upon a day, when he was perfectly free from pain or sorrow? The man is not happy. But happy is he who lays not the vexations of life at heart, but shakes them from his bosom as the lion does the rain drops from his mane.

YOUNG AMERICA.—On Saturday evening a little boy, not over four years of age, while going down Broadway, was stopped by a crowd of men, seated in front of the Broadway Hotel. One of the company, who had during the evening made several attempts at wit, said to the boy:

"Say, sonny, does your mammy know you're out?"

The little fellow very coolly replied:

"Yes, sir, my ma gave me three cents to buy a monkey—are you for sale?" and passed on, leaving the crowd convulsed with laughter.

FOUNDER.—A writer in the country gentleman gives the following receipt, which is represented as a sure and speedy remedy, as far as his experience goes; and adds that he has seen this remedy tested so often with perfect success, that he would not make five dollars difference in a horse founded, (done recently) and one that was not.

"Take a tablespoonful of pulverized alum, pull the horse's tongue out of his mouth as far as possible, and throw the alum down his throat, let go of his tongue and hold up his head until he swallows. In six hours time (no matter how bad the founder) he will be fit for moderate service."

Boys are admonished by a sensible writer, to beware of the following description of company, if they would avoid becoming like those with whom they associate.

1. Those who ridicule their parents or disobey their commands. 2. Those who profane the Sabbath and scoff at religion.

3. Those who use profane or filthy language. 4. Those who are unfaithful, profligate, and waste their time in idleness.

5. Those who are of quarrelsome temper, and who are apt to get into difficulties with others. 6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing. 7. Those who take a pleasure in torturing and tormenting animals and insects.

A DANDY TRYING IT ON.—"My dear America," said the dandy, on bended knee before his adorable, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now for fear you will reject me; but I love you—will you be mine?" You will be to me everything desirable, everything my heart could wish. Your smile would shed."

Here the dandy stuck fast for lack of some big poetic expression to help him out. "Your smile would shed!"

Another dead hat! Meantime the young lady's brother, bit of a wag, had stolen unperceived into the room and heard all the bright talk. Dandy tries a third time. "Your smile would shed!"

"Never mind the wood shed," said the wag, and pass it, and try something else."

The young lady's gravity was quite put away by the queer exhibition, and dandy, gathering himself up quickly, vanquished the wag, and was unknown. It was clearly seen that he was the young lady's fortune which was coveted, her person being only of secondary importance.

DO NOT SONS OF MY YOUNG READERS SEE THEMSELVES IN THIS SKETCH IN A MIRROR?

SENSIBLE DOCTOR.—A handsome young woman applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints, with which she was afflicted.

"In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?"

"For that madam, you should take air and exercise."

"And, Doctor, I am quite fidgety at night, and afraid to lie alone. What shall I take for that?"

"For that madam, I can only recommend that you take a—husband."

"Fie! Doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, you have, besides taking air, exercise, and a husband, to take a newspaper"—The Shabby News.

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